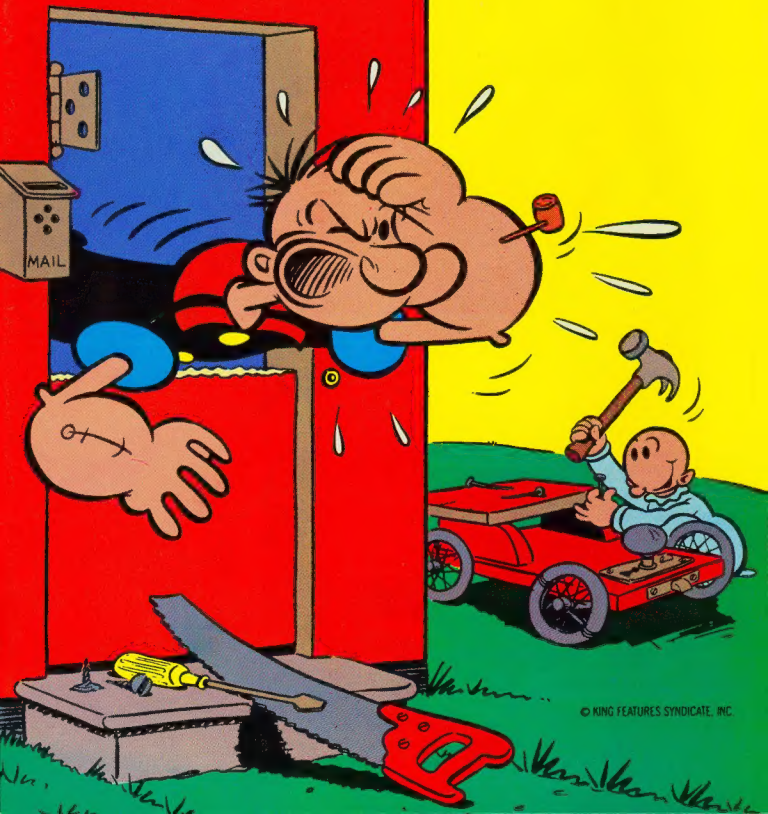
169
POPEYE
WHITMAN
90069

60¢

POPEYE

THE SAILOR



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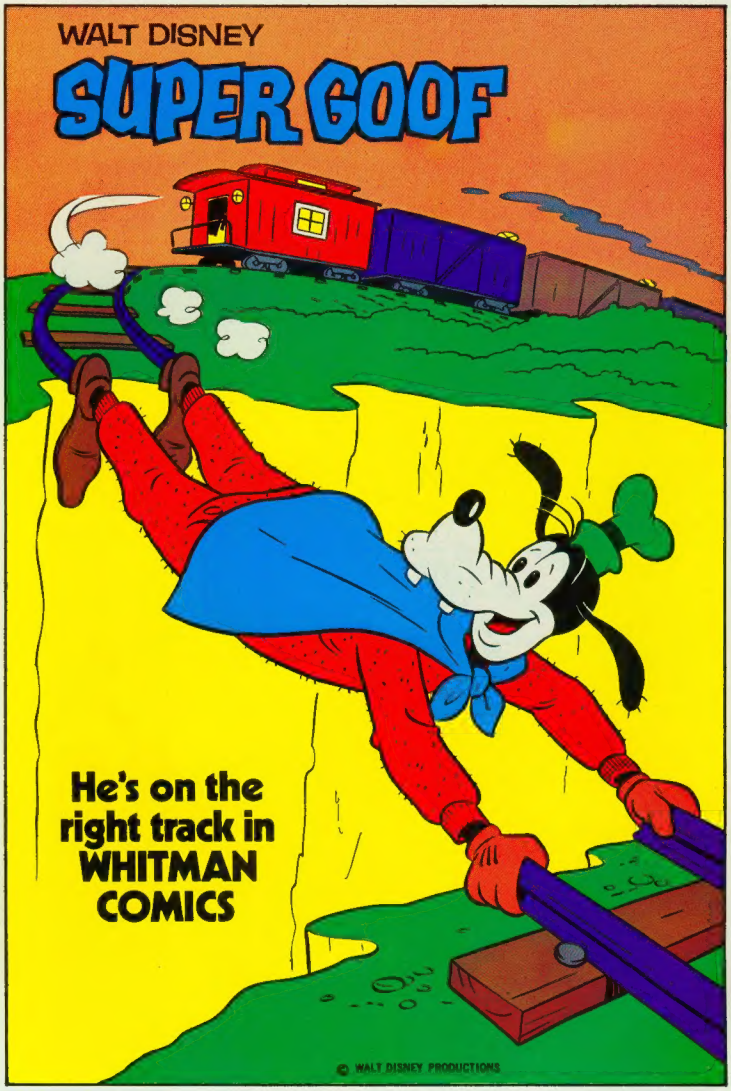
WALT DISNEY
SUPER GOOF
He's on the right track in WHITMAN COMICS
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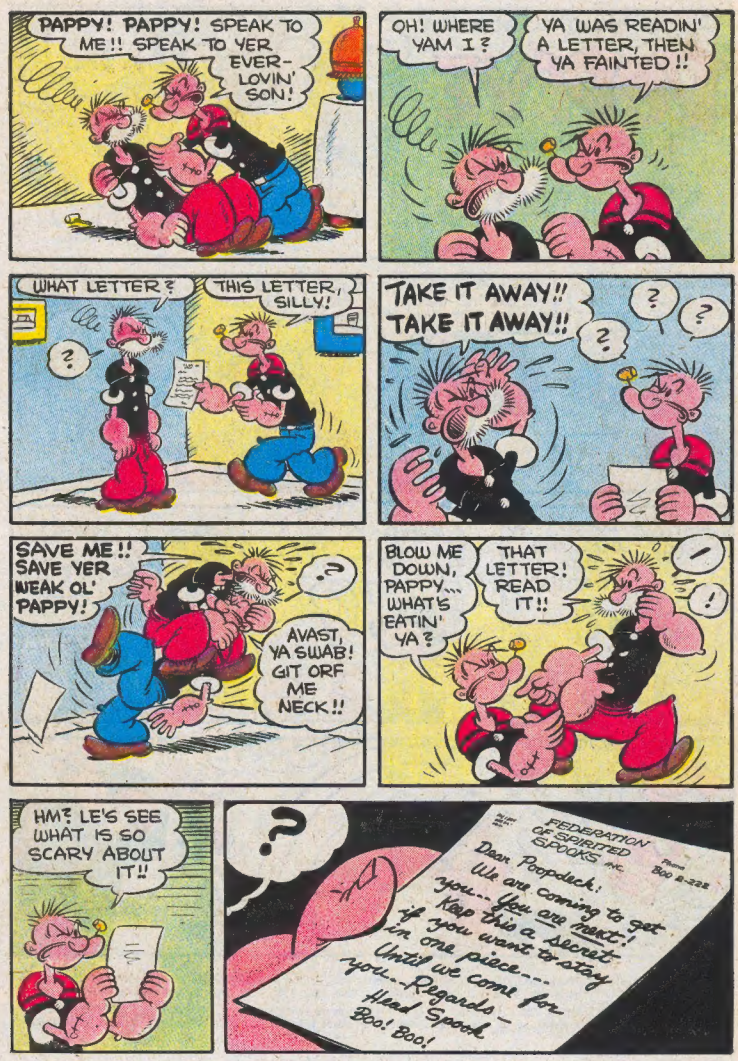
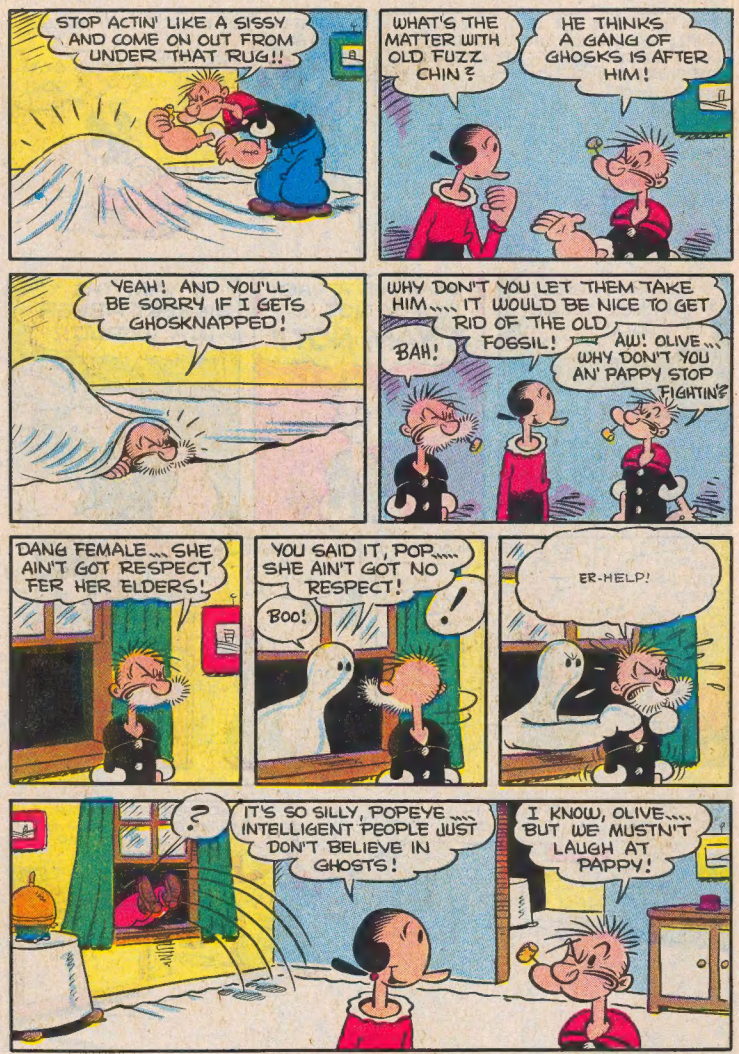

PAPPY! PAPPY! SPEAK TO ME!! SPEAK TO YER EVER-LOVIN' SON!
OH! WHERE YAM I?
YA WAS READIN' A LETTER, THEN YA FAINTED!!
WHAT LETTER?
THIS LETTER, SILLY!
?
TAKE IT AWAY!! TAKE IT AWAY!!
? ? ?
SAVE ME!! SAVE YER WEAK OL' PAPPY!
AVAST, YA SWAB! GIT ORF ME NECK!!
BLOW ME DOWN, PAPPY... WHAT'S EATIN' YA?
THAT LETTER! READ IT!!
HM? LE'S SEE WHAT IS SO SCARY ABOUT IT!!
FEDERATION OF SPIRITED SPOOKS, INC.
Form Boo B-228
Dear Poopdeck,
We are coming to get you... You are next!
Keep this a secret if you want to stay in one piece...
Until we come for you... Regards -
Head Spook
Boo! Boo!

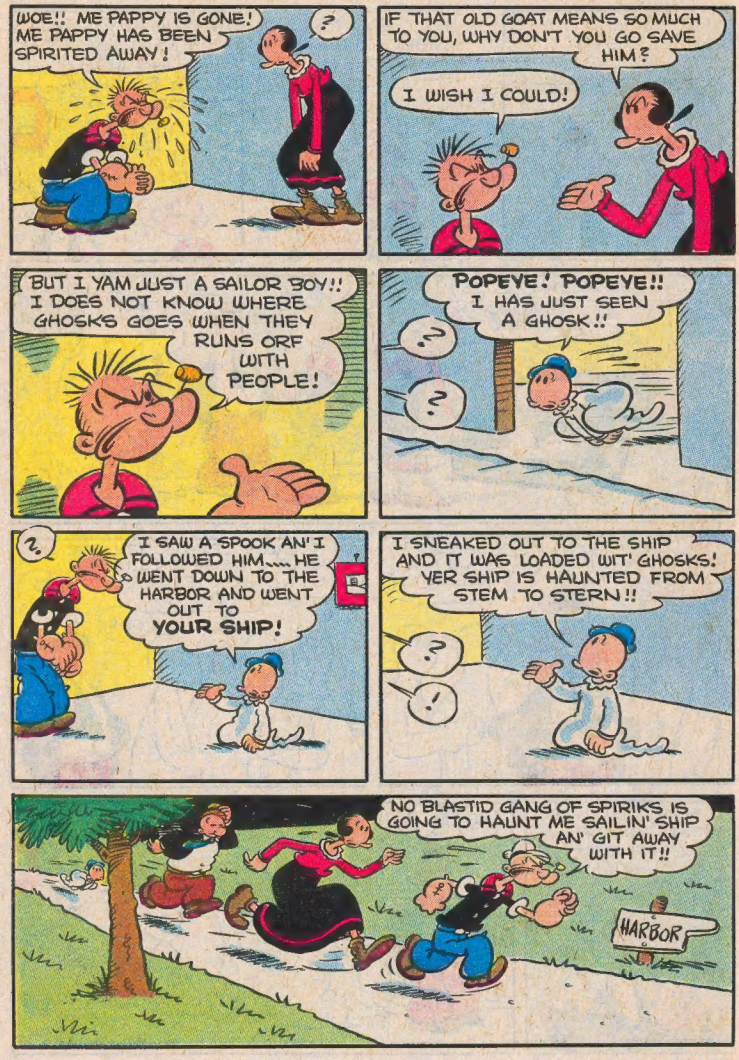
THIS MUST BE A JOKE! SPOOKS DON'T WRITE LETTERS!
(GULP!) MAYBE THEY IS EDUCATED SPOOKERS!!
YOU JUST SIT DOWN AN' RELAX!
KEEP TELLING VERSELF THAT YA IS NOT AFRAID!
OKAY, SON!
I YAM NOT AFRAID! I YAM NOT AFRAID! I YAM NOT.....
I YAM NOT AFRAID! I YAM NOT!!! I YAM NOT!!
I YAM THE BIGGEST FIBBER IN'A WORLD!!
AWK!! (GULP!!) THEY HAS COMED FER ME!
HM? SOMEONE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!
?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
AHOY, OLIVE... COME ON IN!
AHOY, PAPPY... IT IS OKAY.... IT IS JUST OLIVE!
WHA--TH--?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT'S THE OLD GOAT DOING - HUNTING FOR TERMITES?

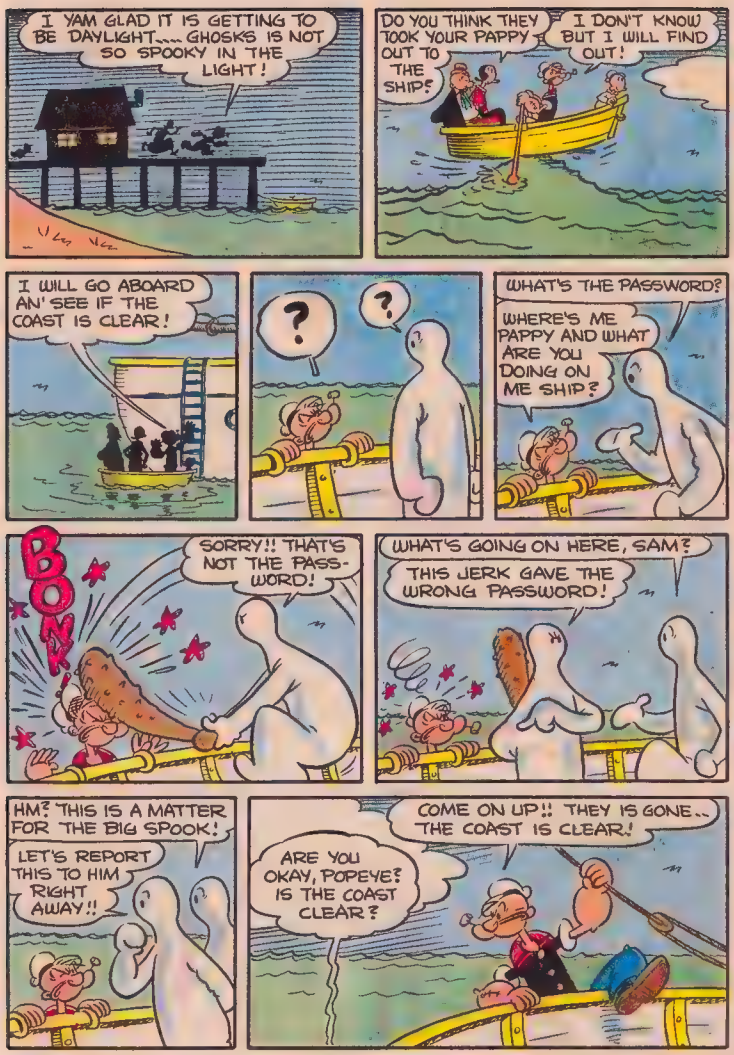

STOP ACTIN' LIKE A SISSY AND COME ON OUT FROM UNDER THAT RUG!!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD FUZZ CHIN?
HE THINKS A GANG OF GHOSKS IS AFTER HIM!
YEAH! AND YOU'LL BE SORRY IF I GETS GHOSKNAPPED!
WHY DON'T YOU LET THEM TAKE HIM.... IT WOULD BE NICE TO GET RID OF THE OLD FOSSIL!
BAH!
AW! OLIVE... WHY DON'T YOU AN' PAPPY STOP FIGHTIN'?
DANG FEMALE... SHE AIN'T GOT RESPECT FER HER ELDERS!
YOU SAID IT, POP..... SHE AIN'T GOT NO RESPECT!
BOO!
!
ER-HELP!
?
IT'S SO SILLY, POPEYE .... INTELLIGENT PEOPLE JUST DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
I KNOW, OLIVE.... BUT WE MUSTN'T LAUGH AT PAPPY!

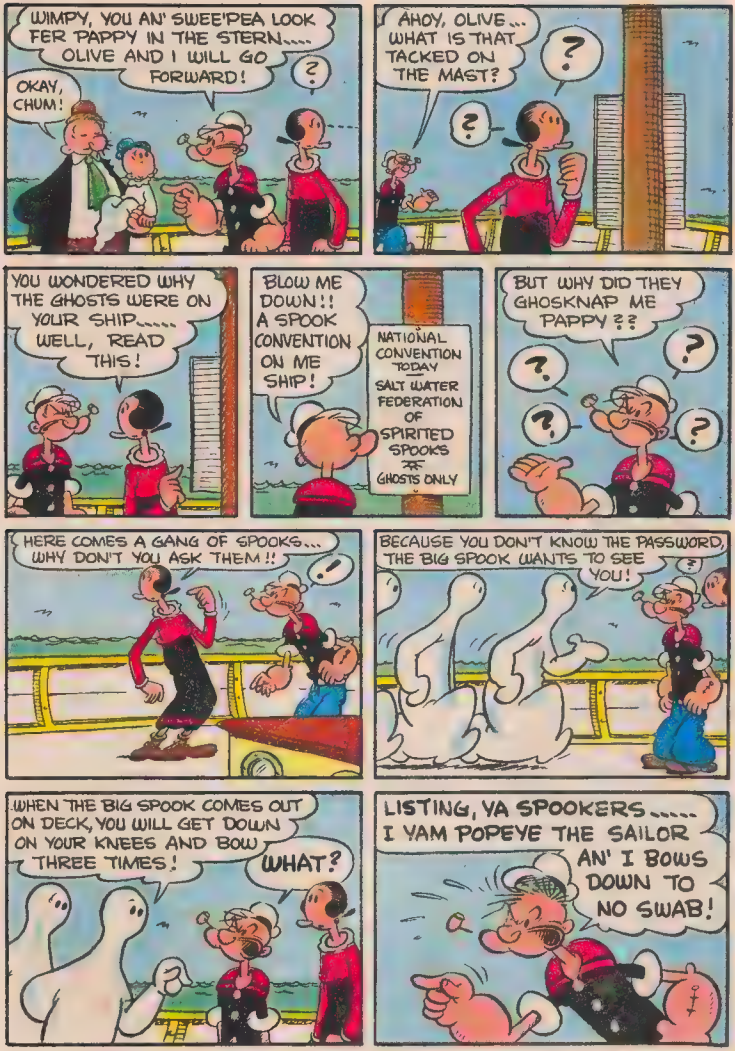
BESIDES THEY'D TAKE SOMEONE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL LIKE ME... THEY WOULDN'T BOTHER WITH AN OLD BUZZARD LIKE YOUR FATHER!
WHAT'S WRONG, POPEYE? YOU LOOK WORRIED!
WASN'T ME PAPPY STANDING OVER THERE BY THE WINDOW?
OF COURSE HE'S STANDING OVER THERE!
TAKE A LOOK!
EEEEK!! HE'S GONE!
OH WOE IS ME!! ME PAPPY IS GHOSKNAPPED!
(SNIFF!) WOE! WOE!! ME PAPPY IS A GONE SAILOR!
DON'T BE SILLY... HE PROBABLY JUST STEPPED OUT THE WINDOW TO GET A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!
GORSH, OLIVE... YA IS A SWELL DAME.. YA MAKES ME FEEL GOOD WHEN YA TELLS ME THAT ME SWEET OL' PAPPY IS SAFE!
LET GO, YA BLASTID SPOOKERS!! I DOES NOT WANT TO BE GHOSKNAPPED!
BOY! WE GOT A LIVELY ONE THIS TIME!
HE'LL CALM DOWN AFTER WE GIVE HIM THE WORKS!
TSK! BOO! TSK!
HOLD STILL!

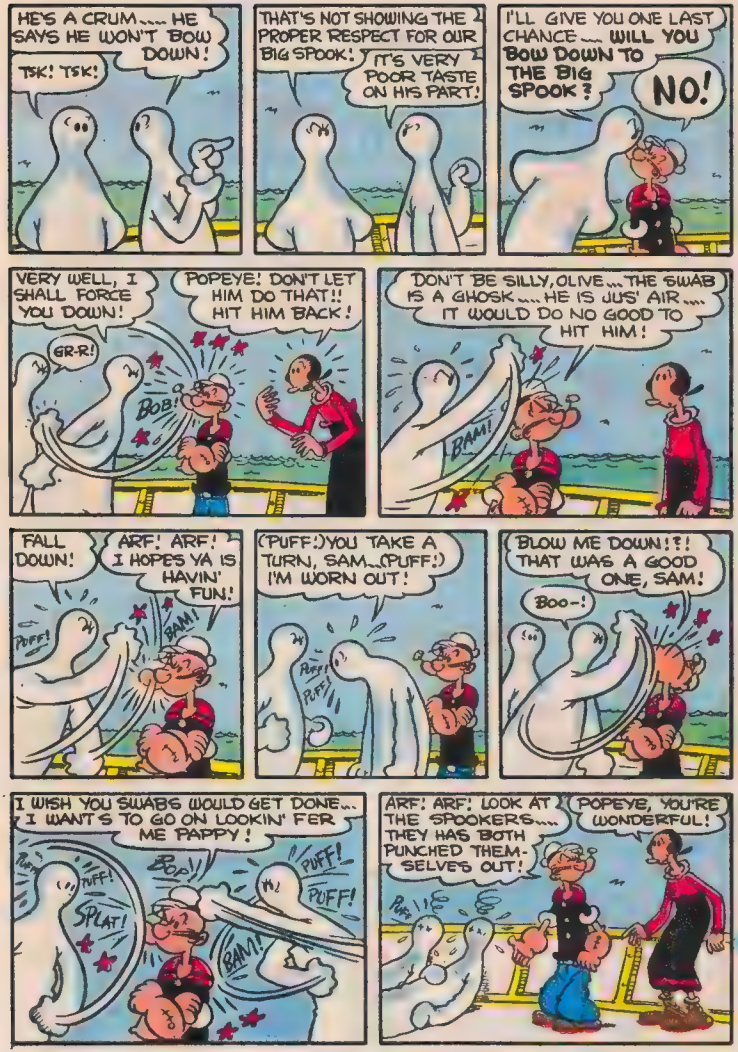
GOOD HEAVENS? A PARADE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
?
GOOD EVENING!! PLEASANT NIGHT.... ISN'T IT?
BOO!
BOO!
HELLO, POOPDECK!
HOW'S POPEYE?
YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS OUT FOR A WALK?
BOO!
?
?
BOO!
HM? PAPPY'S FRIENDS AREN'T VERY CHATTY... ALL THEY SAID WAS "BOO"!
BOO?
GOOD HEAVENS!?!
BLESS MY NIGHTSHIRT!
?
BOO?
THOSE WERE SPIRITS!
I MUST HURRY AND TELL POPEYE OF THIS... I BET HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HIS FATHER IS RUNNING AROUND WITH A GANG OF SPOOKS!
AHOY, WIMPY.... WHAT'S YER HURRY?
POPEYE!! DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR PAPPY IS?
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIM BUT OLIVE SAYS HE IS OUT FER A WALK TO GET SOME FRESH BREATH!
HM?

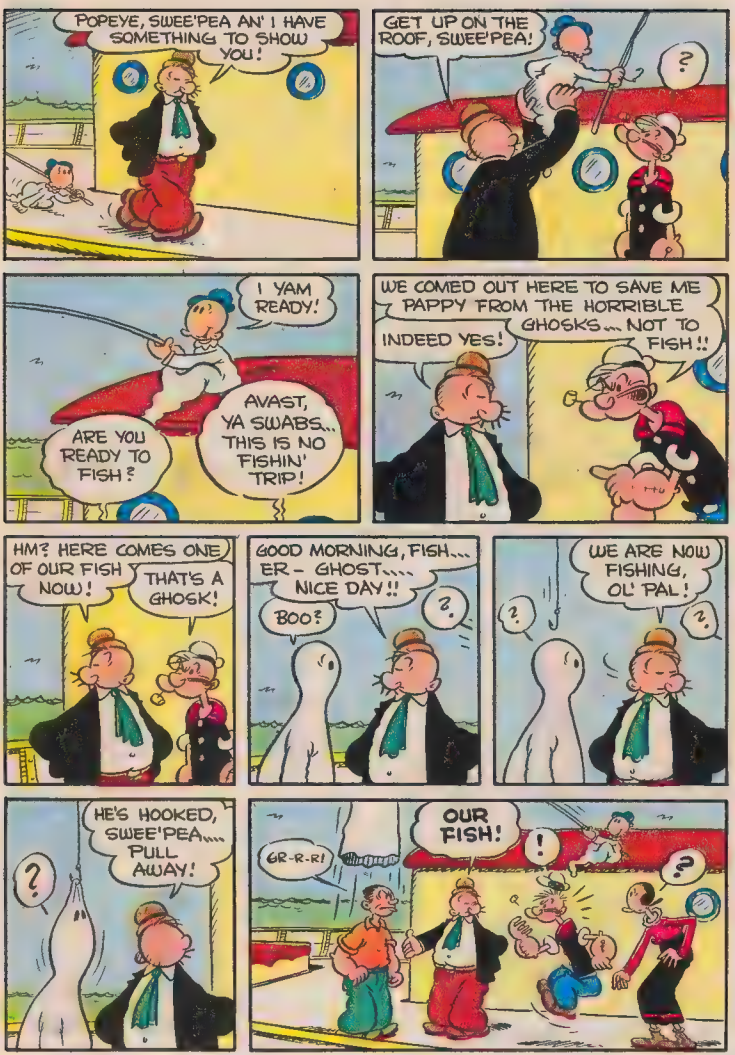
DID SHE TELL YOU WHO HE WAS OUT WALKING WITH?
HUH?
HE IS BY HIMSELF!! HE IS ALONE!!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I JUST SAW HIM OUT STROLLING WITH A ROWDY BUNCH OF GHOSTS!
GHOSKS!?!
BLABBERMOUTH!
BOOEY!
LOOSE-TONGUED MOOCHER!
BOO!
GR-R-R!
TATTLE-TALE!
SPOIL SPORT!
GR-R!
WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?
HAVEN'T YOU ANY INTEGRITY!
WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT THIS?
LET'S GO TELL THE BIG SPOOK ... MAYBE HE'LL LET US HAUNT HIM!
GR-R!
I'M SORRY, FELLOWS... I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A SECRET!
PLEASE DON'T HAUNT ME!
WE'LL GO-
-TELL THE-
-BIG SPOOK!

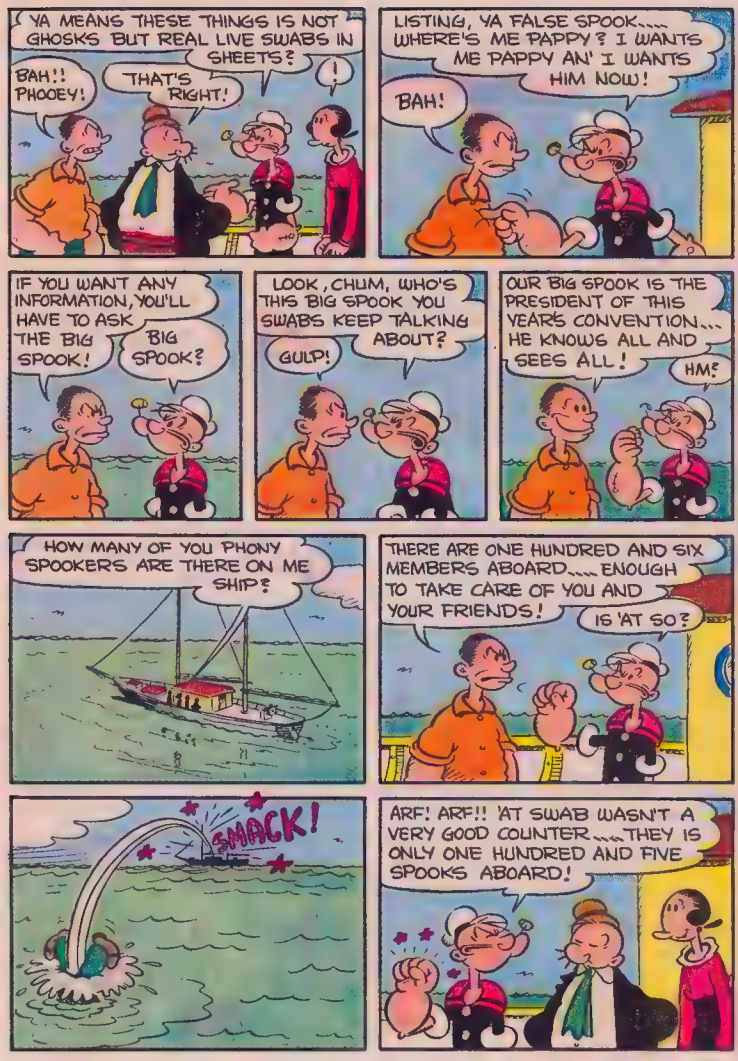

WOE!! ME PAPPY IS GONE! ME PAPPY HAS BEEN SPIRITED AWAY!
?
IF THAT OLD GOAT MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU, WHY DON'T YOU GO SAVE HIM?
I WISH I COULD!
BUT I YAM JUST A SAILOR BOY!! I DOES NOT KNOW WHERE GHOSKS GOES WHEN THEY RUNS ORF WITH PEOPLE!
POPEYE! POPEYE!! I HAS JUST SEEN A GHOSK!!
? ?
?
I SAW A SPOOK AN' I FOLLOWED HIM.... HE WENT DOWN TO THE HARBOR AND WENT OUT TO YOUR SHIP!
I SNEAKED OUT TO THE SHIP AND IT WAS LOADED WIT' GHOSKS! YER SHIP IS HAUNTED FROM STEM TO STERN!!
? !
NO BLASTID GANG OF SPIRIKS IS GOING TO HAUNT ME SAILIN' SHIP AN' GIT AWAY WITH IT!!
HARBOR

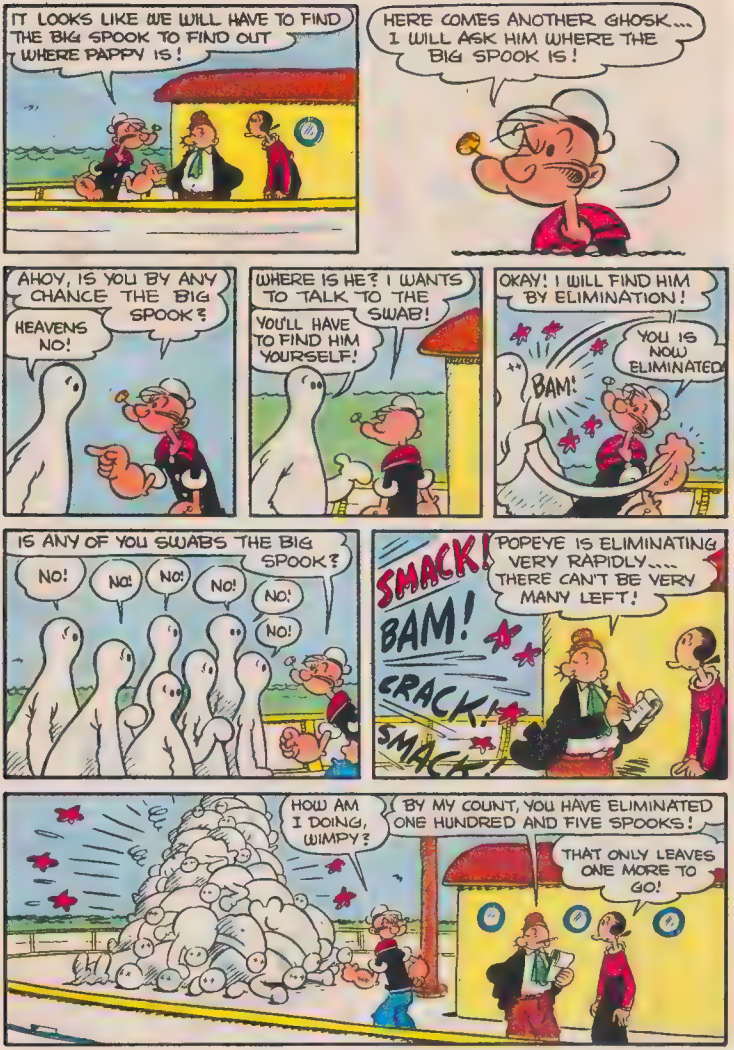

I YAM GLAD IT IS GETTING TO BE DAYLIGHT.... GHOSTS IS NOT SO SPOOKY IN THE LIGHT!
DO YOU THINK THEY TOOK YOUR PAPPY OUT TO THE SHIP?
I DON'T KNOW BUT I WILL FIND OUT!
I WILL GO ABOARD AN' SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR!
?
?
WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?
WHERE'S ME PAPPY AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON ME SHIP?
BONK
SORRY!! THAT'S NOT THE PASS-WORD!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, SAM?
THIS JERK GAVE THE WRONG PASSWORD!
HM? THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE BIG SPOOK!
LET'S REPORT THIS TO HIM RIGHT AWAY!!
ARE YOU OKAY, POPEYE? IS THE COAST CLEAR?
COME ON UP!! THEY IS GONE.. THE COAST IS CLEAR!

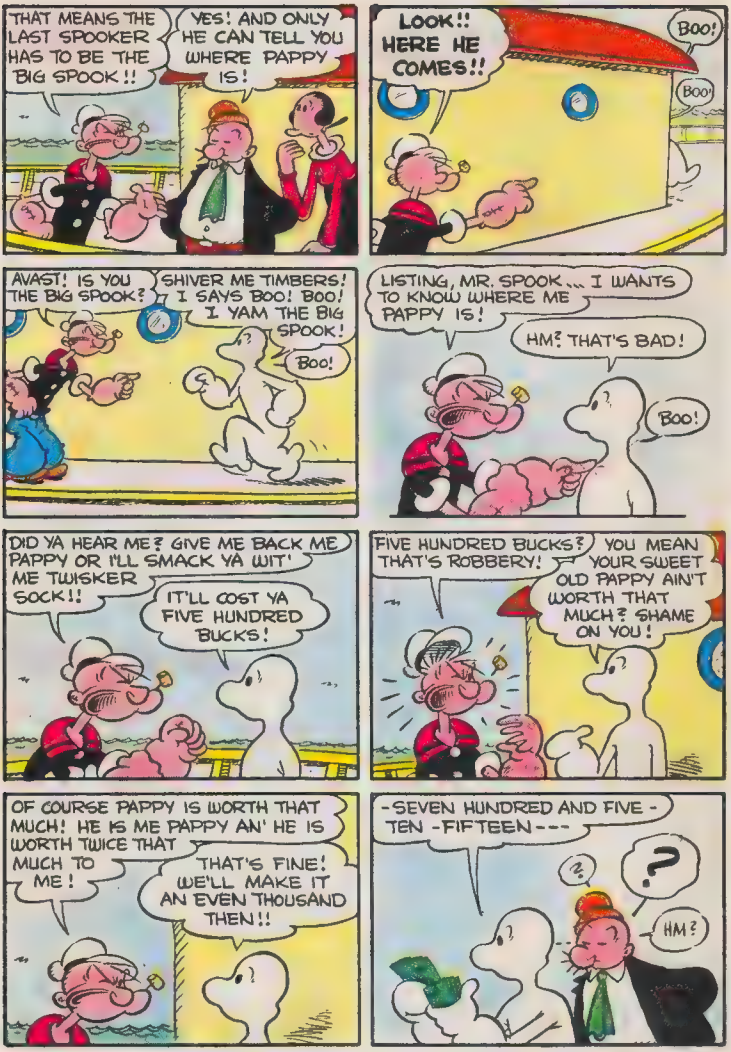

WIMPY, YOU AN' SWEE'PEA LOOK FER PAPPY IN THE STERN.... OLIVE AND I WILL GO FORWARD!
OKAY, CHUM!
?
AHOY, OLIVE... WHAT IS THAT TACKED ON THE MAST?
?
?
YOU WONDERED WHY THE GHOSTS WERE ON YOUR SHIP..... WELL, READ THIS!
BLOW ME DOWN!! A SPOOK CONVENTION ON ME SHIP!
NATIONAL CONVENTION TODAY SALT WATER FEDERATION OF SPIRITED SPOOKS GHOSTS ONLY
BUT WHY DID THEY GHOSKNAP ME PAPPY??
?
?
?
?
HERE COMES A GANG OF SPOOKS... WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM!!
!
BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE PASSWORD, THE BIG SPOOK WANTS TO SEE YOU!
?
WHEN THE BIG SPOOK COMES OUT ON DECK, YOU WILL GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND BOW THREE TIMES!
WHAT?
LISTING, YA SPOOKERS..... I YAM POPEYE THE SAILOR
AN' I BOWS DOWN TO NO SWAB!


HE'S A CRUM..... HE SAYS HE WON'T BOW DOWN!
TSK! TSK!
THAT'S NOT SHOWING THE PROPER RESPECT FOR OUR BIG SPOOK!
IT'S VERY POOR TASTE ON HIS PART!
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE.... WILL YOU BOW DOWN TO THE BIG SPOOK?
NO!
VERY WELL, I SHALL FORCE YOU DOWN!
GR-R!
POPEYE! DON'T LET HIM DO THAT!! HIT HIM BACK!
BOB!
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE... THE SWAB IS A GHOSK.... HE IS JUS' AIR.... IT WOULD DO NO GOOD TO HIT HIM!
BAM!
FALL DOWN!
ARF! ARF! I HOPES YA IS HAVIN' FUN!
PUFF!
BAM!
(PUFF!) YOU TAKE A TURN, SAM... (PUFF!) I'M WORN OUT!
PUFF!
PUFF!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! THAT WAS A GOOD ONE, SAM!
BOO-!
I WISH YOU SWABS WOULD GET DONE... I WANTS TO GO ON LOOKIN' FER ME PAPPY!
PUFF!
SPLAT!
BOP!
PUFF!
PUFF!
BAM!
ARF! ARF! LOOK AT THE SPOOKERS.... THEY HAS BOTH PUNCHED THEMSELVES OUT!
POPEYE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
PUFF!


POPEYE, SWEE'PEA AN' I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
GET UP ON THE ROOF, SWEE'PEA!
?
I YAM READY!
ARE YOU READY TO FISH?
AVAST, YA SWABS.. THIS IS NO FISHIN' TRIP!
WE COMED OUT HERE TO SAVE ME PAPPY FROM THE HORRIBLE GHOSKS... NOT TO FISH!!
INDEED YES!
HM? HERE COMES ONE OF OUR FISH NOW!
THAT'S A GHOSK!
GOOD MORNING, FISH... ER - GHOST..... NICE DAY!!
BOO?
?
WE ARE NOW FISHING, OL' PAL!
?
?
HE'S HOOKED, SWEE'PEA.... PULL AWAY!
?
OUR FISH!
!
GR-R-R!
?


YA MEANS THESE THINGS IS NOT GHOSKS BUT REAL LIVE SWABS IN SHEETS?
BAH!! PHOOEY!
THAT'S RIGHT!
!
LISTING, YA FALSE SPOOK.... WHERE'S ME PAPPY? I WANTS ME PAPPY AN' I WANTS HIM NOW!
BAH!
IF YOU WANT ANY INFORMATION, YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK THE BIG SPOOK!
BIG SPOOK?
LOOK, CHUM, WHO'S THIS BIG SPOOK YOU SWABS KEEP TALKING ABOUT?
GULP!
OUR BIG SPOOK IS THE PRESIDENT OF THIS YEARS CONVENTION... HE KNOWS ALL AND SEES ALL!
HM?
HOW MANY OF YOU PHONY SPOOKERS ARE THERE ON ME SHIP?
THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND SIX MEMBERS ABOARD.... ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS!
IS 'AT SO?
SMACK!
ARF! ARF!! 'AT SWAB WASN'T A VERY GOOD COUNTER.... THEY IS ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE SPOOKS ABOARD!


IT LOOKS LIKE WE WILL HAVE TO FIND THE BIG SPOOK TO FIND OUT WHERE PAPPY IS!
HERE COMES ANOTHER GHOSK... I WILL ASK HIM WHERE THE BIG SPOOK IS!
AHOY, IS YOU BY ANY CHANCE THE BIG SPOOK?
HEAVENS NO!
WHERE IS HE? I WANTS TO TALK TO THE SWAB!
YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND HIM YOURSELF!
OKAY! I WILL FIND HIM BY ELIMINATION!
BAM!
YOU IS NOW ELIMINATED
IS ANY OF YOU SWABS THE BIG SPOOK?
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
SMACK!
BAM!
CRACK!
SMACK!
POPEYE IS ELIMINATING VERY RAPIDLY.... THERE CAN'T BE VERY MANY LEFT!
HOW AM I DOING, WIMPY?
BY MY COUNT, YOU HAVE ELIMINATED ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE SPOOKS!
THAT ONLY LEAVES ONE MORE TO GO!


THAT MEANS THE LAST SPOOKER HAS TO BE THE BIG SPOOK!!
YES! AND ONLY HE CAN TELL YOU WHERE PAPPY IS!
LOOK!! HERE HE COMES!!
BOO!
BOO!
AVAST! IS YOU THE BIG SPOOK?
SHIVER ME TIMBERS! I SAYS BOO! BOO! I YAM THE BIG SPOOK!
BOO!
LISTING, MR. SPOOK ... I WANTS TO KNOW WHERE ME PAPPY IS!
HM? THAT'S BAD!
BOO!
DID YA HEAR ME? GIVE ME BACK ME PAPPY OR I'LL SMACK YA WIT' ME TWISKER SOCK!!
IT'LL COST YA FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!
FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS? THAT'S ROBBERY!
YOU MEAN YOUR SWEET OLD PAPPY AIN'T WORTH THAT MUCH? SHAME ON YOU!
OF COURSE PAPPY IS WORTH THAT MUCH! HE IS ME PAPPY AN' HE IS WORTH TWICE THAT MUCH TO ME!
THAT'S FINE! WE'LL MAKE IT AN EVEN THOUSAND THEN!!
-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIVE - TEN -FIFTEEN---
?
?
HM?

– ONE THOUSAND! JUS' RIGHT!
BZZZZ-BZZZZ!
OKAY, WIMPY!
OKAY, MR. SPOOK.. WHERE IS ME PAPPY?
HM? LET ME THINK... WHAT DID I DO WITH HIM?
?
?
?
?
PAPPY? IT IS YOU!
ER-HELLO, SON!
WHAT WAS YA' DOIN' UNDER THAT SHEET?.. I THOUGHT THESE GHOSK SWABS GHOSKNAPPED YA!
THEY DID! THAT'S THE WAY THEY ELECTS THEIR PRESIDINK!
PRESIDENT? PRESIDENT OF WHAT?
I YAM THE BIG SPOOK OF THE FEDERATION OF SPIRITED SPOOKS... WE IS A CLUB OF OLD SAILIN' SHIP SAILORS WHAT HATES THESE NEW STEAM-SHIPS!
WE IS THE GHOSK SAILORS OF THE PAST... WE IS DEDICATED TO RIDDING THE WORLD OF STEAM-SHIPS!
OKAY, OKAY.... GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY AN' I WILL GO HOME!
SORRY, SON... THIS DOUGH NOW BELONGS TO THE CLUB... WE NEEDS IT TO CARRY ON OUR SPIRITED WORK!
HERE'S A THOUSAND BUCKS, BOYS... NOW WE CAN BUY ANOTHER STEAMSHIP TO SINK!!
HOORAY FOR THE BIG SPOOK!
OH, WELL.... I GUESS PAPPYS WILL BE PAPPYS!
?
?
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
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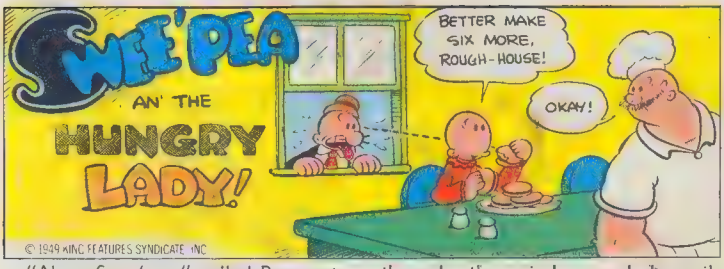


"Ahoy, Swee'pea," called Popeye to the little fellow sitting on the floor at his feet. "I has to go over to Olive's house fer lunch. I won'ers if you would mind going down to Rough-House's cafe and eatin' yer lunch there?"

"Gorsh no!" exclaimed Swee'pea. "I likes to eat there. They is always sumpin' happening in 'at place, especially if Wimpy is around."

A few minutes later Swee'pea was on his way downtown. Popeye had called ahead and told the restaurant man he was sending his adoptid boy kid down to his place for lunch and to give him what he wanted to eat.

As Swee'pea entered the eating place, he saw that the owner was in a dark mood so he called to him, "Ahoy, Rough-House. What is the matter? Ya acts like ya was mad at the whole world."

"BAH!" Rough-House shouted. "It's not the world I yam mad at, it is that overstuffed, mooching, barrel-sided Wimpy. He's been in here all morning trying to talk me into feeding him. I finally had to pick him up and toss him through that open window in order to get rid of him."

Swee'pea laughed, "Poor Wimpy, he is always hungry but never has any money to buy food."

"Yeah!" agreed Rough-house. "And the thing that hurts the most is that before the day is over he will trick some poor sap into feeding him."

The disreputable Wimpy, who was being discussed inside the cafe, was still outside the window through which he had made his hurried exit a short time before. He was now peering through the window and hungrily watching little Swee'pea as he steadily put away one sandwich after another.

"'Tis a pity I do not dare to go back in," he muttered to himself. "I feel quite sure I could talk the lad into treating me to a sandwich or two."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Rough-House as Swee'pea ordered another hamburger. "That will make ten you've eaten. Aren't you afraid you'll burst pretty soon?"

"Oh! I wants this one to go!" explained Swee'pea. "I yam not going to eat it now. I will take it wit' me in case I gets hungry b'tween now and dinnertime."

"Bless the little fellow's foresight," Wimpy almost shouted aloud. "If he brings it outside, perhaps I will be able to get it away from him."

When the sandwich was finished, Rough-House put it in a paper bag and gave it to Swee'pea. After thanking him, Swee'pea crawled off the stool and left the restaurant.

He was no more than out of sight of the eating place when he heard someone calling him. Looking over his shoulder he saw Wimpy shouting and waving at him to stop, so he waited for the fat gentleman to catch up to him.

"Ahoy, Wimpy, what does ya want?" he asked as the puffing Wimpy arrived at his side.

"What do I want?" exclaimed Wimpy in an injured tone of voice. "I merely wanted to share this beautiful day with some fellow intellect worthy of my company."

"PHOOEY!" snarled Swee'pea. "They is no use tryin' to flatter me. I yam not

going to give you any of me sandrich, so go away and leave me alone!"

"CURSES! The young scamp has heard that I am a heel!" moaned Wimpy as he watched the angry Swee'pea crawl on down the street.

Wimpy was about to give up any hopes of removing the hamburger from its rightful owner, when he spotted a clothesline loaded with clothes. Quickly looking up and down the street to see if the coast was clear, he jumped over the fence into the yard where the clothesline was.

A few minutes later a fat little old lady came out of the yard and hurried up the street in the direction Swee'pea had taken. Darting up an alley the little lady soon by-passed the crawling boy and took up a seat on the curb where the little fellow would be bound to see her.

Nearing the figure sitting on the curb, Swee'pea was shocked to hear the sounds of heart-rendering sobs and heavy moans coming from the little old lady.

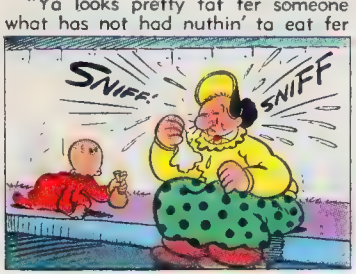
"Oh, my gorsh!" exclaimed the little fellow sympathetically. "What is the matter? Is ya lorst an' kin not find yer way home?"

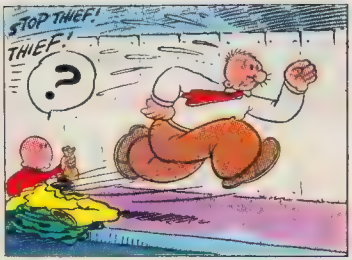
"OOOOOOOh!!! WOE IS ME!" came from the crying lady. "I am not lost. I AM HUNGRY! I have not eaten for six weeks."

"Blow me down!" shouted Swee'pea. "Ya means ya has not eaten nuthin' fer six whole weeks?" "At is arful!"

"Indeed it is, kind sir." The little lady raised a hand and flicked a tear from her eye.

"Ya looks pretty fat fer someone what has not had nuthin' to eat fer





such a long time," cautiously remarked Swee'pea getting a better look at the crying lady.

"Do not be deceived, dear friend," sobbed the little lady, at the same time trying to pull herself in to appear smaller. "You cannot always tell what a package has inside by just looking at the outside."

Swee'pea, on the verge of tears himself, held out the bag with the hamburger in it to the little lady and said, "I has a sandrich here what I wants you to take an' eat. I kin not stan' to see a womming cry. Especially from hunger."

With a cry of joy, the lady jumped to her feet and made a grab for the bag, but before she could get it she was stopped by the sounds of shouting coming from down the street.

"STOP, THIEF! STOP THAT THIEF! HE STOLE MY CLOTHES OFF MY CLOTHESLINE!"

Swee'pea swung around and saw a woman running up the street toward them. Close behind was a policeman. Turning back to the little old lady, he saw her step out of her dress and start a mad dash up the street.

"WIMPY! IT IS YOU!" he shouted. And indeed it was Wimpy who had dressed up as a woman to try and get the hamburger away from Swee'pea.

Swee'pea watched the racing figures until they passed from sight and then he sat down on the curb and began to nibble the sandwich. As he popped the last bite into his mouth, he laughed and said aloud to himself, "ERF! ERF! 'at little ol' lady was right. Ya kin not always tell what a package has inside by jus' lookin' at the outside. ERF! ERF!"

POPEYE

AHOY, MISTER COOK, GIVE ME AN EXTRA-LARGE BOWL OF SPINACH!
?
SPINACH? LOOK, CHUM, A LITTLE GUY LIKE YOU COULD USE A BIG, JUICY STEAK!
I WILL TAKE SPINACH, PLEASE!
OKAY, STRANGER, IF YOU WANT TO STAY A LITTLE RUNT, IT'S YOUR BUSINESS!
I BET YOU'RE FIFTY POUNDS UNDERWEIGHT FROM EATIN' THAT GRASS!
YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO BUILD ANY WEIGHT OR MUSCLES WITHOUT EATING SOME REAL FOOD!
I BET YOU'RE SO WEAK YOU CAN'T EVEN LICK A STAMP - HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA!
?
!
?
YA MAY BE RIGHT - BUT TRY LEAVIN' A ROOM LIKE THIS AFTER YA EATS A STEAK!
ARF!
ARF!
CRASH
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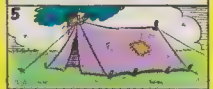
NUMBER THREE DOWN COMES FROM CHINA!
NUMBER SIX DOWN IS MY FAVORITE WORD!
I'LL TAKE A DOZEN OF NUMBER SIXTEEN DOWN!
THEY'S COWBOYS AT FIFTEEN ACROSS!

ACROSS

1

3 LIGHT BROWN

5 

8 OLIVE _____ VERY LOUD.

10 YOU'LL FIND HIM IN SUGAR. (SUGAR)

12 BABY'S FIRST WORD

13 A GOOD CHILD ALWAYS ____ BEFORE TAKING ANOTHER CANDY—

15 WHERE THE SUN GOES TO BED.

16 THE LAST WORD IN EVERY BOOK.

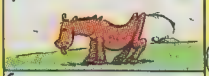
19 HE SAID HE'D GET IT AND HE ___ IT.

DOWN

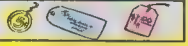
1 YOU DO THIS ON A DOG'S HEAD.

2

3 PEOPLE DRINK IT AT FOUR O'CLOCK

4 

6 POPEYE ____ SPINACH!

7 

8 WHEN YOU PUT THINGS IN THE HOLD OF A SHIP YOU ____ THEM

9

11 YOU HEAR THIS WORD MANY TIMES A DAY

13 WIMPY ___ THE HAMBURGER

14 BABY GOAT

16

17 SMALL CHILD.

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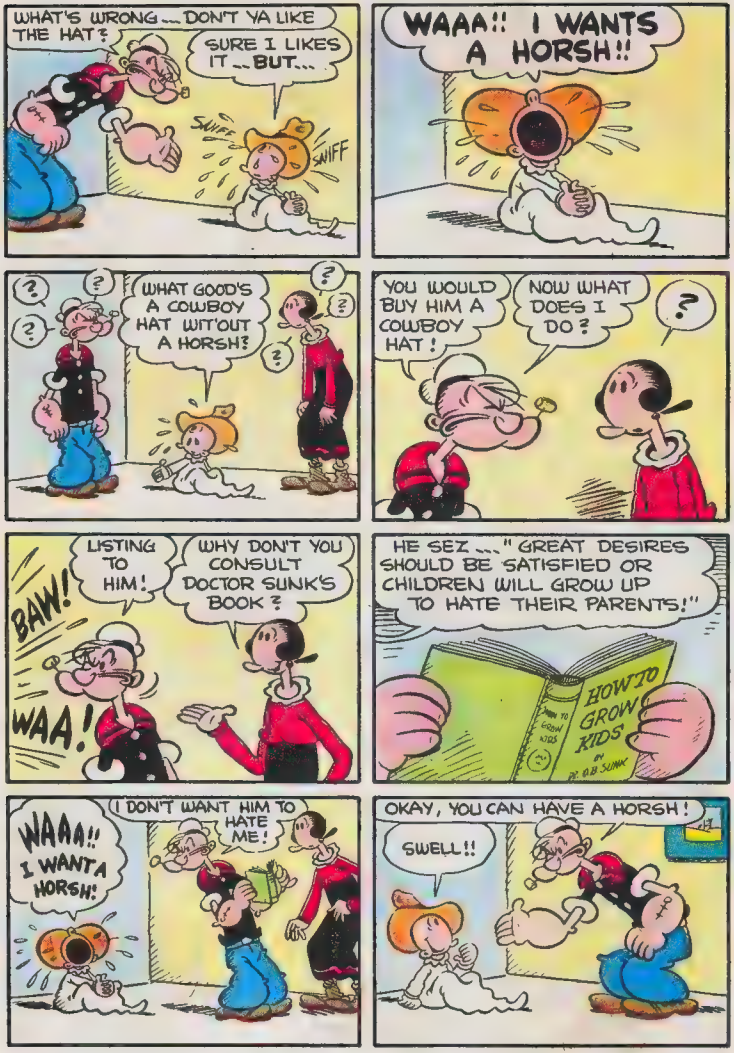
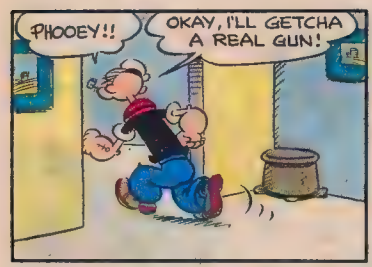
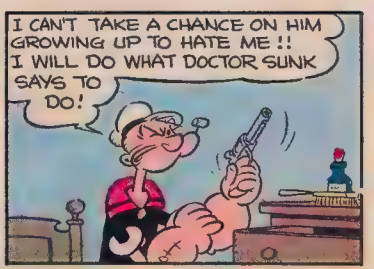
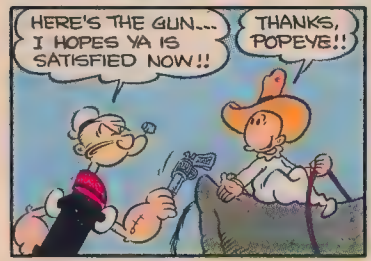
POPEYE
AND SWEE'PEA
IN
"KID RAISING!!"
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SWEE'PEA!!
OH, BOY!! A PRESINK!
I LOVES BIRTHDAYS.. THEY IS SO FULL OF PRESINKS!
WHEEEE!! A REAL COWBOY HAT!!
HOW DOES I LOOK?
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A REAL LIVE COWBOY!!
WAAA!!! BAW!!
BLOW ME DOWN!! WHAT'S WRONG WITH SWEE'PEA?
I DON'T KNOW!
I GAVE HIM A COWBOY HAT AND HE STARTED TO BAWL!!
WAAA!

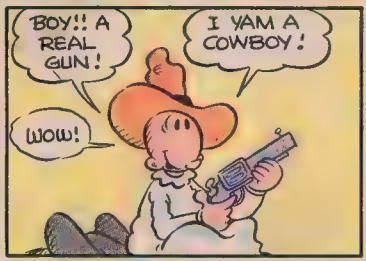

WHAT'S WRONG — DON'T YA LIKE THE HAT?
SURE I LIKES IT — BUT...
SNIFF
SNIFF
WAAA!! I WANTS A HORSH!!
WHAT GOOD'S A COWBOY HAT WIT'OUT A HORSH?
YOU WOULD BUY HIM A COWBOY HAT!
NOW WHAT DOES I DO?
LISTING TO HIM!
WHY DON'T YOU CONSULT DOCTOR SUNK'S BOOK?
BAW!
WAA!
HE SEZ — "GREAT DESIRES SHOULD BE SATISFIED OR CHILDREN WILL GROW UP TO HATE THEIR PARENTS!"
HOW TO GROW KIDS
BY DR. O.B. SUNK
WAAA!! I WANTA HORSH!
I DON'T WANT HIM TO HATE ME!
OKAY, YOU CAN HAVE A HORSH!
SWELL!!

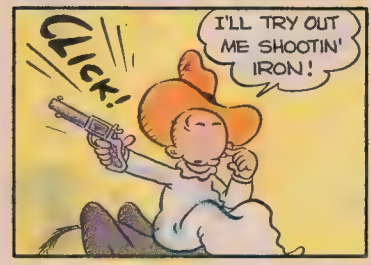
YOU SURE PUT ME IN A SPOT, BUYING THAT HAT!!
YES, BUT LOOK AT HIM! HE'S SO HAPPY WITH THE PONY!
WHEEeee!! I'M A COWBOY!!
YER RIGHT, OLIVE ... IT WAS WORTH IT .... LI'L BOYS SHOULD BE HAPPY!
ISN'T HE SWEET!
?
WHA--TH-??
WAAA!
BAW!
NOW WHAT DOES YOU WANT?
SNIFF
SNIFF
WAAAA!! I WANTS A REAL GUN!!
YER NOT GOING TO GET A REAL GUN!
WAAAAAAAAA! BAW!!
REMEMBER WHAT DOCTOR SUNK SAID!
HUH?
YES, I'LL GROW UP AND HATE YOU!!

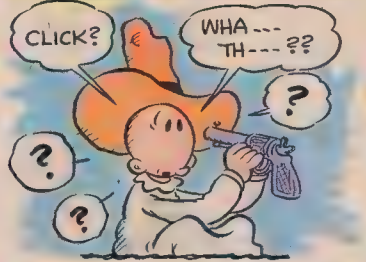

PHOOEY!!
OKAY, I'LL GETCHA A REAL GUN!

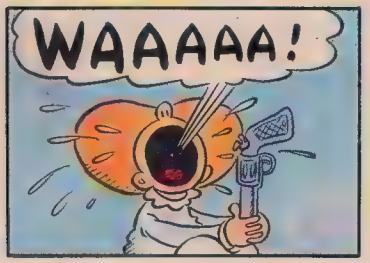

I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON HIM GROWING UP TO HATE ME!! I WILL DO WHAT DOCTOR SUNK SAYS TO DO!

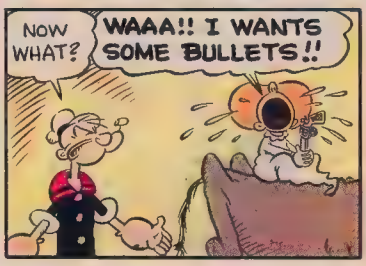

HERE'S THE GUN... I HOPES YA IS SATISFIED NOW!!
THANKS, POPEYE!!

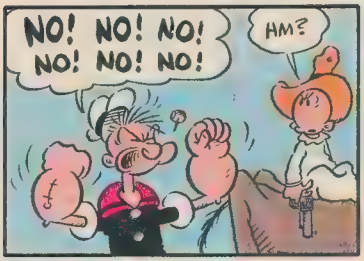

BOY!! A REAL GUN!
I YAM A COWBOY!
WOW!

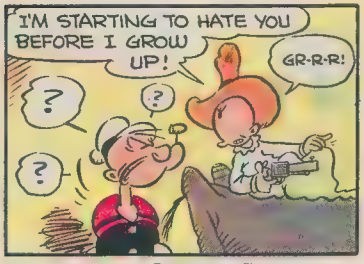

CLICK!
I'LL TRY OUT ME SHOOTIN' IRON!

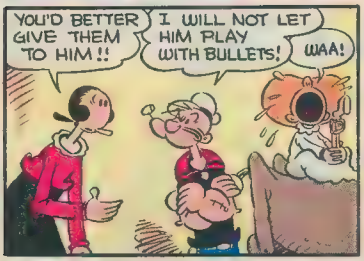

CLICK?
WHA--- TH---??
?
?
?

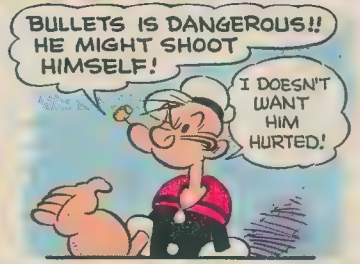

WAAAAA!

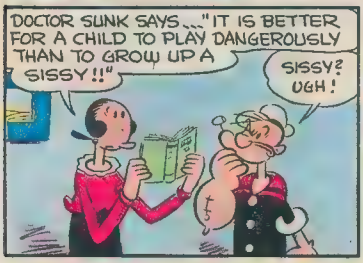

NOW WHAT?
WAAA!! I WANTS SOME BULLETS!!

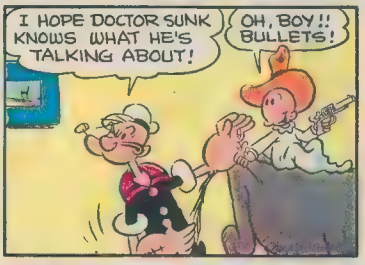

NO! NO! NO!
NO! NO! NO!
HM?

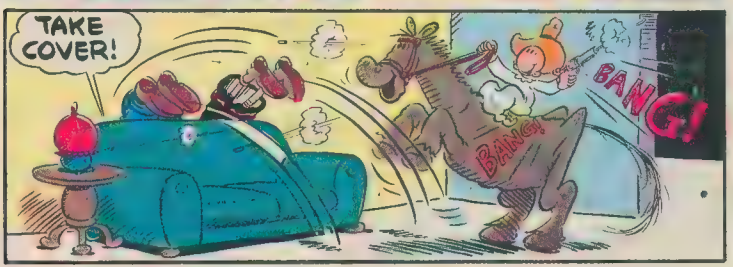

I'M STARTING TO HATE YOU BEFORE I GROW UP!
GR-R-R!
?
?
?

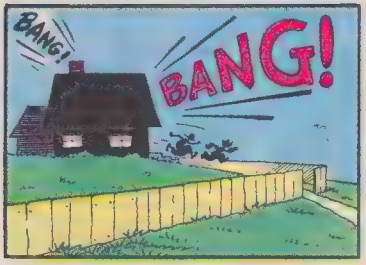

YOU'D BETTER GIVE THEM TO HIM!!
I WILL NOT LET HIM PLAY WITH BULLETS!
WAA!

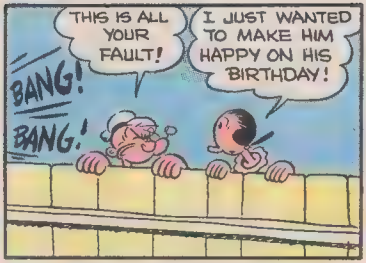

BULLETS IS DANGEROUS!! HE MIGHT SHOOT HIMSELF!
I DOESN'T WANT HIM HURTED!

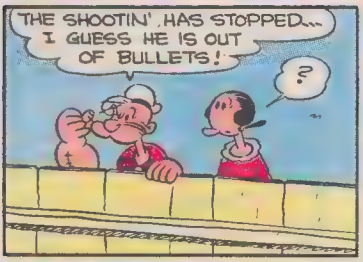

DOCTOR SUNK SAYS..."IT IS BETTER FOR A CHILD TO PLAY DANGEROUSLY THAN TO GROW UP A SISSY!!"
SISSY? UGH!

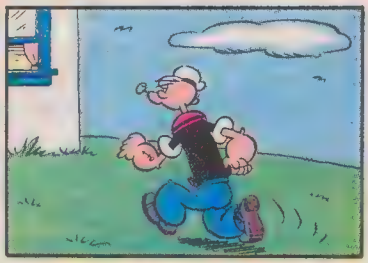

I HOPE DOCTOR SUNK KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!
OH, BOY!! BULLETS!


TAKE COVER!
BANG!
BANG!

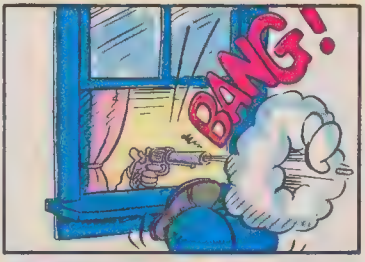

BANG!
BANG!

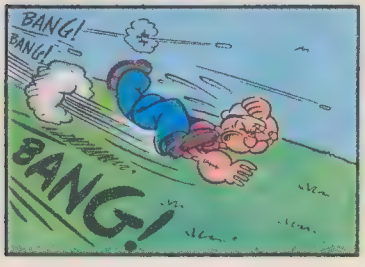

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
I JUST WANTED TO MAKE HIM HAPPY ON HIS BIRTHDAY!
BANG!
BANG!


THE SHOOTIN' HAS STOPPED... I GUESS HE IS OUT OF BULLETS!
?

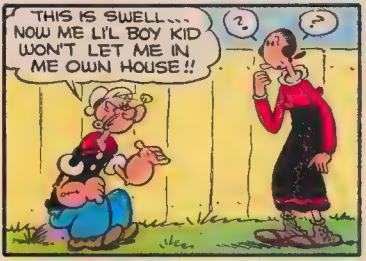


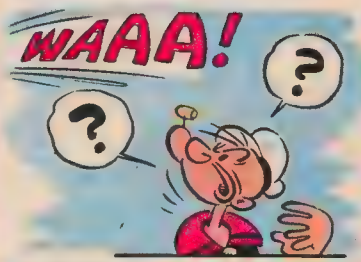
AHOY, SWEE'PEA... IS YA OKAY?

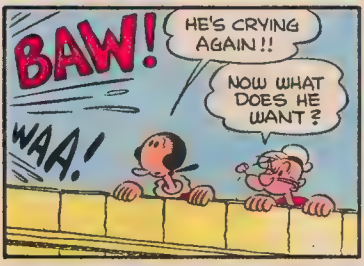

BANG!

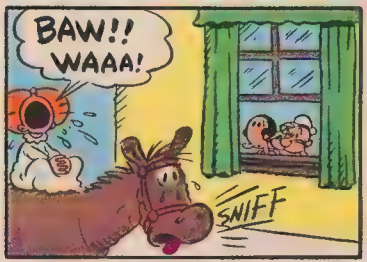

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

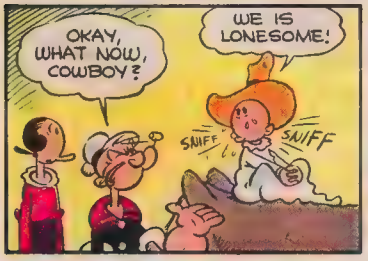
DON'T TRY TO SNEAK UP ON HORRIBLE CACTUS PETE AGAIN... NEXT TIME I'LL AIM TO HIT YA!
?
?
?
?
?


THIS IS SWELL... NOW ME LI'L BOY KID WON'T LET ME IN ME OWN HOUSE!!
?
?

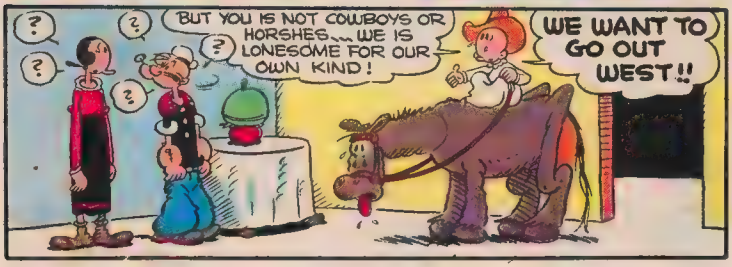

WAAA!
?
?

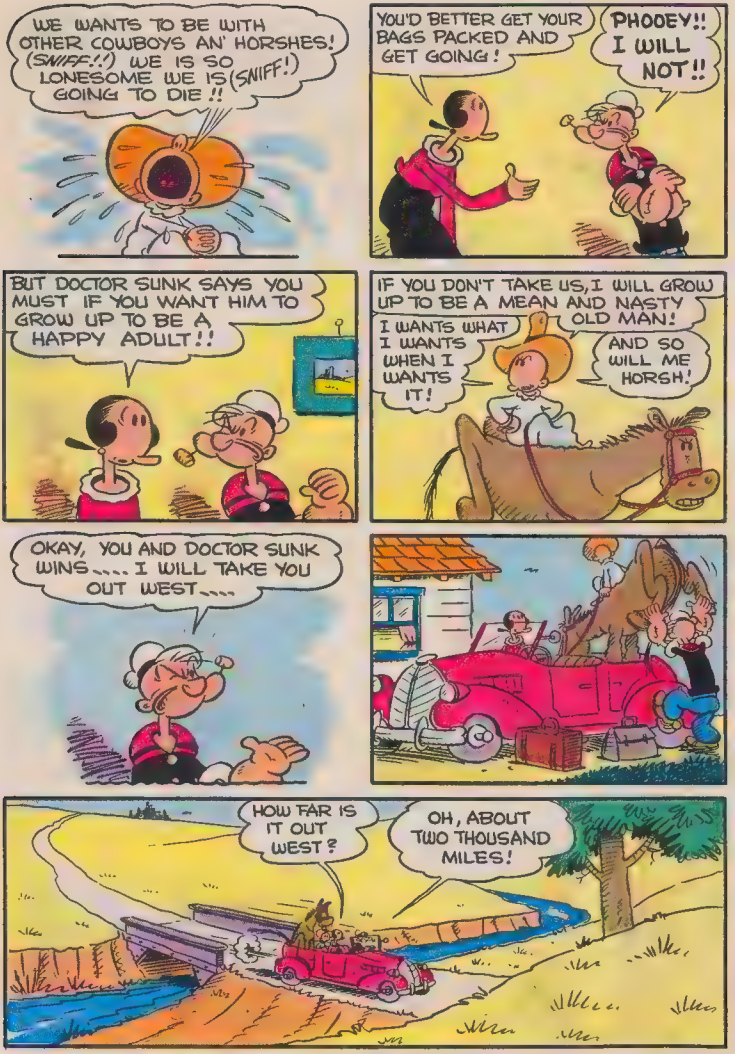

BAW!
WAA!
HE'S CRYING AGAIN!!
NOW WHAT DOES HE WANT?

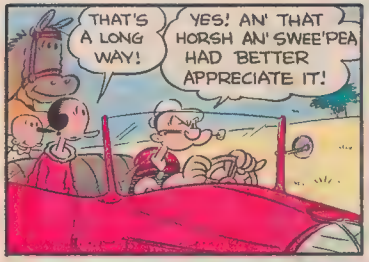

BAW!! WAAA!
SNIFF

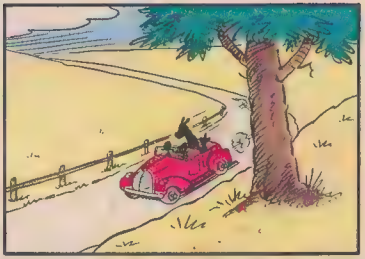

OKAY, WHAT NOW, COWBOY?
WE IS LONESOME!
SNIFF
SNIFF

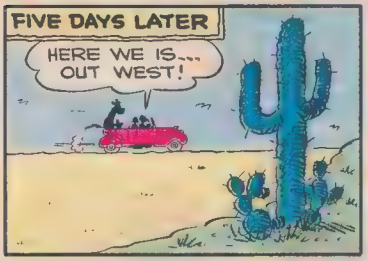
WHATCHA MEAN _ YA IS LONESOME ? ..... OLIVE AND ME IS HERE!
?

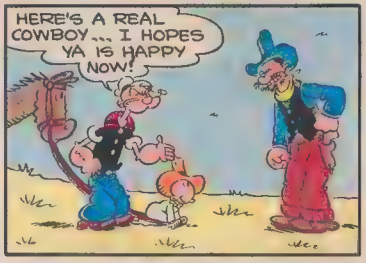

? ? ? ? ?
BUT YOU IS NOT COWBOYS OR HORSHES... WE IS LONESOME FOR OUR OWN KIND!
WE WANT TO GO OUT WEST!!

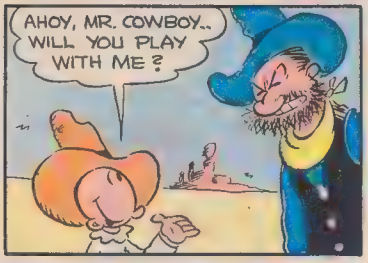

WE WANTS TO BE WITH OTHER COWBOYS AN' HORSHES! (SNIFF!) WE IS SO LONESOME WE IS (SNIFF!) GOING TO DIE !!
YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR BAGS PACKED AND GET GOING!
PHOOEY!! I WILL NOT!!
BUT DOCTOR SUNK SAYS YOU MUST IF YOU WANT HIM TO GROW UP TO BE A HAPPY ADULT!!
IF YOU DON'T TAKE US, I WILL GROW UP TO BE A MEAN AND NASTY OLD MAN!
I WANTS WHAT I WANTS WHEN I WANTS IT!
AND SO WILL ME HORSH!
OKAY, YOU AND DOCTOR SUNK WINS..... I WILL TAKE YOU OUT WEST.....
HOW FAR IS IT OUT WEST?
OH, ABOUT TWO THOUSAND MILES!

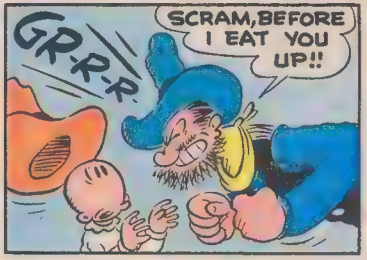

THAT'S A LONG WAY!
YES! AN' THAT HORSH AN' SWEE'PEA HAD BETTER APPRECIATE IT!

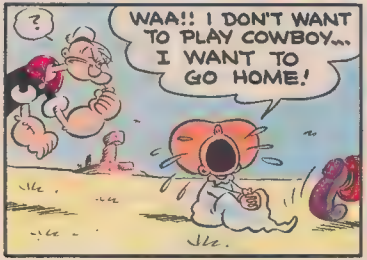


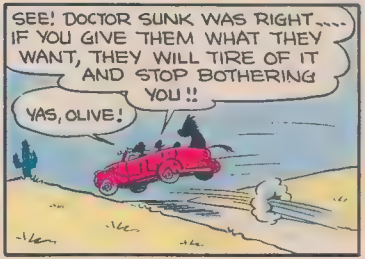

FIVE DAYS LATER
HERE WE IS... OUT WEST!

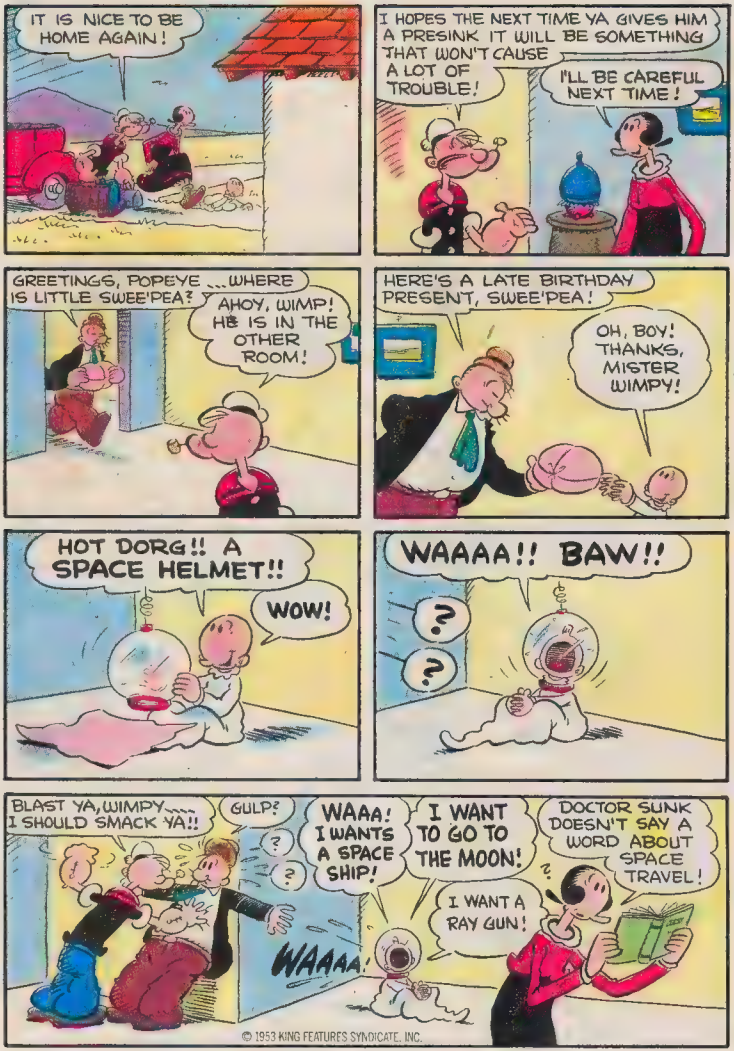

HERE'S A REAL COWBOY... I HOPES YA IS HAPPY NOW!


AHOY, MR. COWBOY.. WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME?


GR-R-R
SCRAM, BEFORE I EAT YOU UP!!


?
WAA!! I DON'T WANT TO PLAY COWBOY... I WANT TO GO HOME!


SEE! DOCTOR SUNK WAS RIGHT.... IF YOU GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT, THEY WILL TIRE OF IT AND STOP BOTHERING YOU!!
YAS, OLIVE!


IT IS NICE TO BE HOME AGAIN!
I HOPES THE NEXT TIME YA GIVES HIM A PRESINK IT WILL BE SOMETHING THAT WON'T CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE!
I'LL BE CAREFUL NEXT TIME!
GREETINGS, POPEYE ...WHERE IS LITTLE SWEE'PEA?
AHOY, WIMP! HE IS IN THE OTHER ROOM!
HERE'S A LATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT, SWEE'PEA!
OH, BOY! THANKS, MISTER WIMPY!
HOT DORG!! A SPACE HELMET!!
WOW!
WAAAA!! BAW!!
?
?
BLAST YA, WIMPY..... I SHOULD SMACK YA!!
GULP?
?
?
WAAA! I WANTS A SPACE SHIP!
I WANT TO GO TO THE MOON!
I WANT A RAY GUN!
DOCTOR SUNK DOESN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT SPACE TRAVEL!
WAAAA!
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POPEYE
YA HAS CLEAN CLOTHES ON SO I AM GOING TO TIE YOU TO THIS POLE SO YOU WON'T GET DIRTY WHILE I YAM IN THE STORE!
!
THAT'S THE PLACE, SAM!
THIS IS ONE TIME HE WON'T GET DIRTY!
FISH MARKET
COAL
OKAY — BACK UP!!
?
COAL
LET'S DUMP IT!
!
COAL
?
COME ON LET'S GET THIS STUFF SHOVELED INTO THE BASEMENT!
?
AWK!
NO! NO! NO!! IT CAN'T BE!!!
HOW DOES YA DO IT?
? ? ? ?
I HASN'T MOVED!
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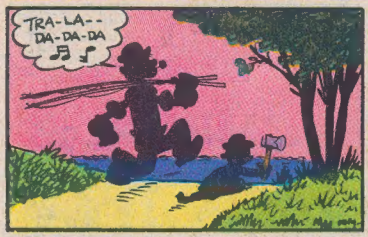
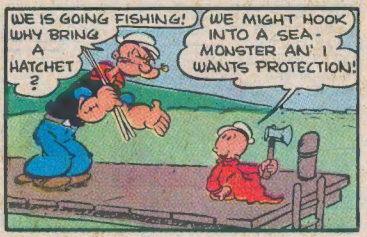
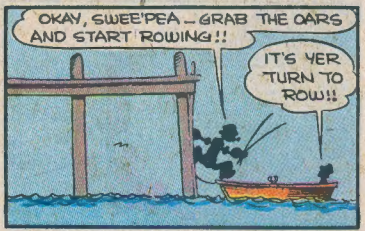
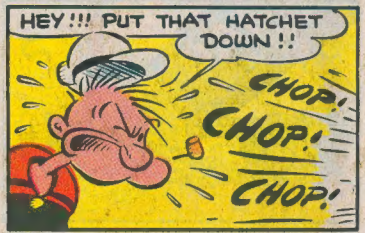
POPEYE









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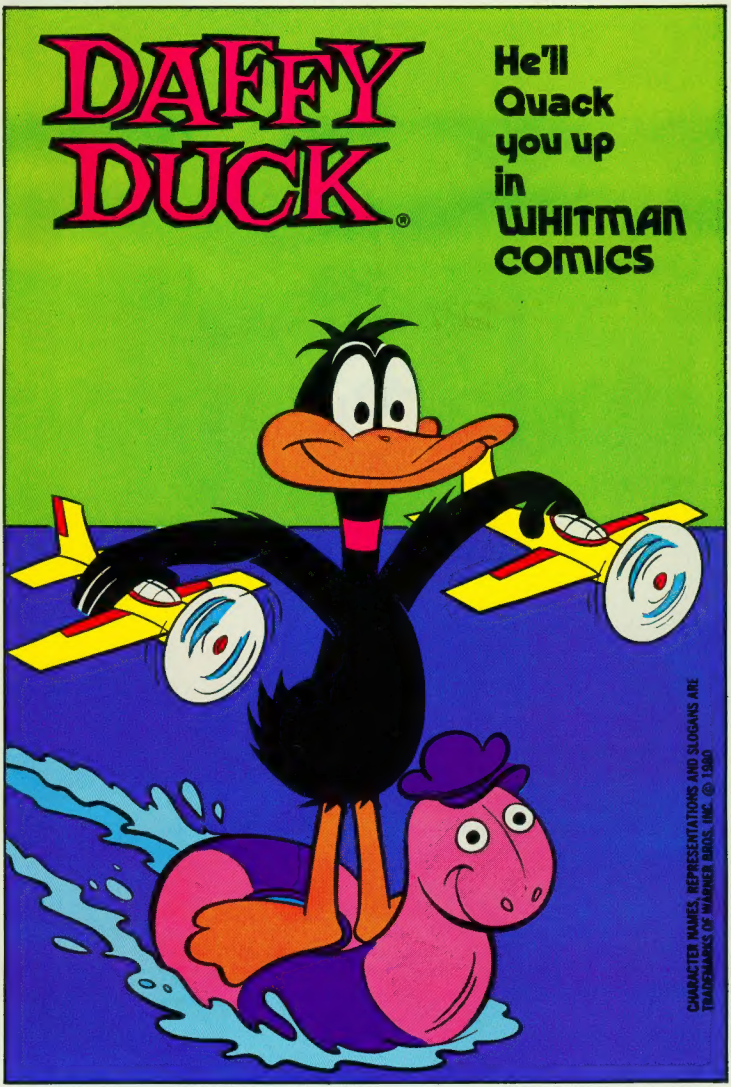
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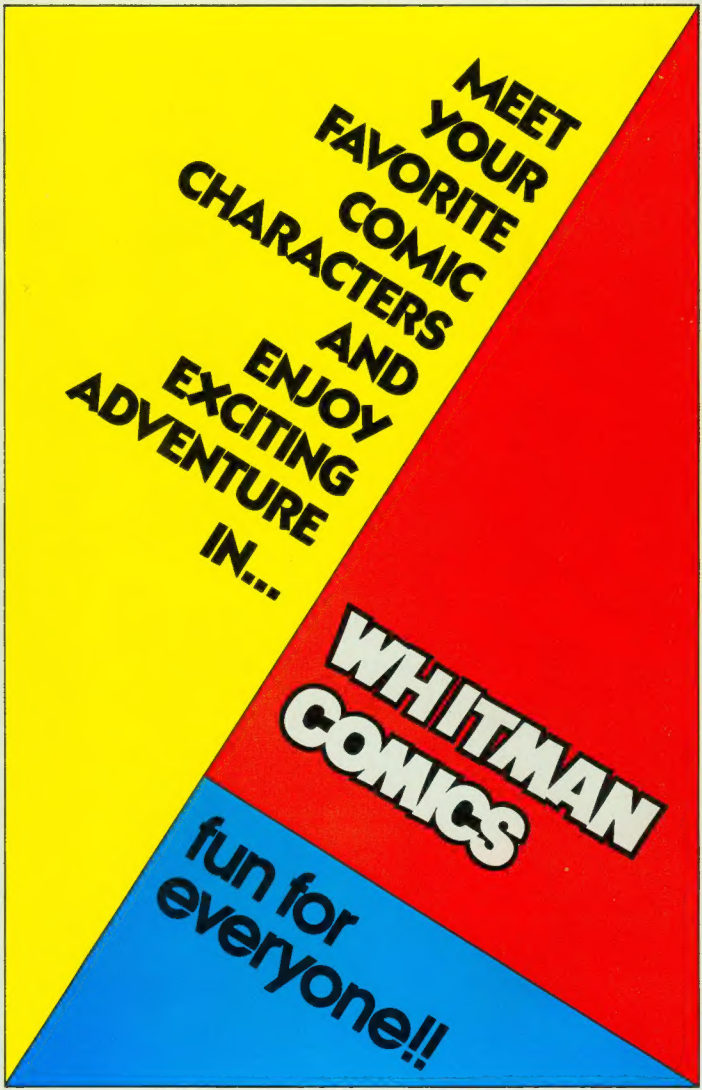
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